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SENATOR FAIRBANKS, CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENCY, AT HOME

Gossip and Stories Gathered at Indianapolis About His Life and Views.

WAS BORN IN LOG CABIN

How He Worked His Way Through School—His Ideas on Farmers and Other Things.

Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.

By FRANK G. CARPENTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., September 4.—I have come out here to tell you something about the Republican candidate for Vice-President. I have known him since he came to the United States Senate and have had a number of chats with him about his early life, his boyhood struggles and the rungs of the ladder upon which he has climbed to greatness. I have seen him here at his home and have just had a talk with him about some personal and public matters upon which he does not wish to be quoted. His position is different now than it was in the past. He feels his responsibility and does not like to answer personal questions for fear he may be looked upon as playing to the galleries. He is, however, a most interesting character, and I will sketch him as best I can.

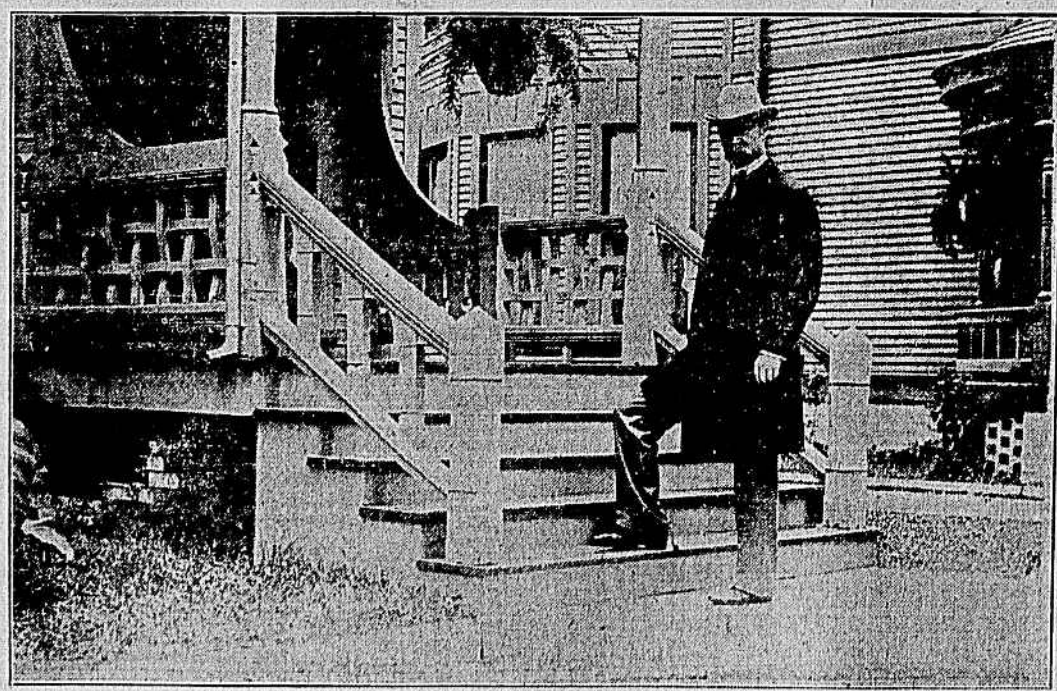
Fairbanks in Indianapolis.

Senator Fairbanks has spent the greater part of his professional life in Indianapolis. He came here shortly after he graduated to attend a convention of the college fraternity and so liked the town that he settled in it when he had finished his study of the law. He had influential friends in the city and through them soon developed a large practice. He became interested in railroad matters, was made the receiver of a railroad which was in a bad way, and rapidly rose to a good business position and a comfortable income. For a number of years he was one of the leading lawyers of this part of the country, and when he gave up the law to go to the United States Senate he had perhaps the largest and most profitable practice of the West. He told me once that he had topped the harvest time of his profession of his professional career, but that he cut off his practice to devote himself to the public. His investments had, however, been good and his fortune was great enough, although it did not quite equal the millions dollars with which he is credited, to enable him to live comfortably on his income.

The Law for Young Men.

I once asked Senator Fairbanks whether he thought the law had helped him in his political career. He replied that it had, and spoke at length about the law as a necessary part of every young man's education. Said he:

"Many people look upon the law as a mysterious science, as something to be approached with fear and trembling. The truth is the law is merely the rule of common sense applied to the right or wrong in human conduct. Every man should know something of it, and if he is a business man he should know a great deal. I do not mean that he should be his own lawyer, for you know the old saying about the man who is his own lawyer having a



SENATOR FAIRBANKS AT HOME.

fool for his client. What I do mean is that every one should have a knowledge of the general principles of the law so that he would almost intuitively know what the law ought to be. I think the law develops a man in an all-around way better than almost any other profession. McKinley was a better President for having been a lawyer, and Harrison filled his place in the White House all the more faithfully through the training of his law practice."

At that time I asked the Senator whether the poor young man of to-day had as much chance at the bar as in the past. He replied:

"He has if he is the right man. Our law practice has to a certain extent been divided up into specialties, but the opportunities for success are as great, if not greater, than they have ever been."

I understand that Senator Fairbanks has carried his belief as to the law into the training of his sons. Two of them have already read law, and a third is now reading it. One of the boys who has studied law is engaged in other business.

Senator Fairbanks at Home.

Senator Fairbanks lives at Washington in a big house on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and 18th street. His home there was built by Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska and was occupied for a time at the Van Wyck left Washington, by Chief Justice Fuller, after which it came into the hands of Fairbanks. The Senator's home here is a large two-story and attic cottage situated on North Meridian street, just across the way from the residence of Governor Dorman and within a short distance of the old home of Benjamin Harrison. The house is surrounded by magnificent trees, which evidently stood here when Indianapolis was a village cut out

of the woods. It has a velvety lawn about it, and, as the Senator and myself sat upon the porch, we could see the red squirrels running from tree to tree and hear the birds singing. The whole street, in fact, is one succession of lawns. It looks like a great park shaded with forest trees and spotted with beautiful houses. The Senator owns several large lots above his house and, therefore, has about as much room as though he lived in the country. The interior of the house is well built, but simply furnished. It feels homelike and looks as though people lived there. The library interested me most. It is not a large room, but it is hung with pictures and wall with books, and both books and pictures breathe forth Fairbanks. The pictures are photographs of his friends and the books are those he likes best and studies most. As you enter you see the Napoleonic features of President McKinley and the sturdy, strenuous face of President Roosevelt looking down upon you. At the right of Roosevelt is Abraham Lincoln, taken without the beard, and further over the smooth-shaven kind face of Marcus A. Hanna. Below Hanna on the mantelpiece stands an autograph portrait of John Hay, while further over are similar photos of Tom Platt and Cornelius Blaine. There are photographs here of the Capitol at Washington, of the Senate chamber and of the national conventions and other great bodies of which Fairbanks has been a part. Everything in the room is connected with the Senator and his life as a statesman.

Fairbanks in 1904.

But let me add the soul of the picture. I mean Senator Fairbanks himself. He stands before me as I make these notes on the tablet of my brain. Tall and thin and just a trifle stooped, he is six feet

four in his patent leather shoes, a big man with a big frame fairly well padded with muscular flesh. His head is large and full at the top. The forehead is high and broad and the eyes bright, changing from hazel to black as he grows earnest in his talk. The nose is straight, the mouth and jaws firm and his complexion rosy with health. He has black hair, a trifle thin at the top, a dark mustache and short black chin whiskers with a fringe of black on each cheek just in front of the ears. He impresses you as a strong man, a level-headed man and an extremely conservative and wary man. And all these things are true. Senator Fairbanks is younger than most people think. He is only a few years older than President Roosevelt, and he tells me that he feels as strong to-day as when he entered college at the age of fifteen. Senator Fairbanks's mother is still living at seventy-five or six, hale and hearty and as bright as in the days of her youth. His father died at seventy-eight, only four years ago, and he thought his life was shortened by hardship. As I remembered these facts I thought of Fairbanks's future and wondered if the front door of the White House may not some day open to him. With such an ancestry, added to his careful habits and easy working mind, he ought to be in good mental and physical shape for twenty years to come. He has a good record, he holds from a pivotal state and stands well with the politicians and with the rank and file of his party. Indeed, if I were asked to pick out a man from the Middle West with possibilities I could not find one with better prospects than Fairbanks.

The Last Log Cabin Candidate.

Senator Fairbanks will probably be the last of our log-cabin candidates. The forests have been so cleared up that

the future great man cannot hope to start life rooted in a sugar trough and learning his letters by the light of pine knots. The log cabin in which Fairbanks was born was situated not far from Columbus. In the then wilds of Ohio. His father was a wagon maker, who bought two hundred acres of virgin forest and turned it into a farm. He built a log cabin with his own hands, and in that cabin the Republican candidate for Vice-President was born. I once asked Senator Fairbanks if he remembered the cabin. He replied:

"I am no draftsman, but I could make a picture of it to-day. It had but one large room and a loft over it. There was a stone chimney outside at one end and a fireplace within, where the cooking was done over a crane. There were two beds in the room, and we had two beds also in the attic. These sufficed for the family until my father had made enough to build a larger house."

Fairbanks's Narrow Escape.

It was at this time that Senator Fairbanks had the narrowest escape of his life. The work on the new house was going on in the winter and a fire had been built in the old cabin carpenter shop. The family and the workmen had gone to dinner in the new house when the future Vice-Presidential candidate, then a little black-haired tot, in black skirt and apron, tried to replenish the fire by putting in some shavings. As he opened the door some coals dropped out, and within a few seconds the cabin was ablaze. The fire was between him and one door, and he tried to force his way out the other door, which was jammed up with lumber. He was burned slightly, but he succeeded in getting out. He was, however, more frightened than hurt, and pale as the snow on the ground he made his way into the room where the family were dining and said: "Mamma, I guess the carpenter shop will burn down."

The men jumped to their feet and looked out of the window. The whole house was in flames, and an hour later this prospective Vice-President's birthplace was in ashes.

Pays to be Born on a Farm.

I had a chat with Mr. Fairbanks when he was first elected to the Senate about his experiences in those early days. He then told me that his work as a farmer's boy had been a service to him all his life, and he said he thought it paid a boy to be born on a farm. Said he:

"It was upon the farm that I learned how to work, and such success as I have had has come from hard work. It is the farm that will produce the successful men of the future. The great writers, lawyers and business men of the next generation are now among the farmer boys of to-day. A few of it is true, may come from the city, but the majority will be from the country."

It is hard knocks and hard work that develop character," continued the senator, "and the boy who has these is better off than he who has them not."

How Fairbanks Got His Education.

At that same time Senator Fairbanks told me how he got his education, say-

ing that he had largely worked his way through college, although his father might possibly have been able to have furnished all the money. Said the senator:

"I was brought up to think that work was a part of the duty of man. Every one in our community worked, and every boy expected to do his share. I learned all kinds of farm work and also how to handle tools. Indeed, I was so skillful with tools that I got good wages as a carpenter by working Saturdays during my college course. My pay was \$1.25 a day, which was about equal to \$3 now. I felt that I ought to pay as much as I could toward my college expenses, although I suppose my father could have paid all."

"Tell me something about your college days, senator," I asked.

I went to school at the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, which was situated about twenty miles from my home. A boy from an adjoining farm went with me and rode there in a two-horse wagon carrying some furniture, some books and a goodly supply of apples. When we arrived we looked about for a room, and soon found one in a second story of one of the houses of the town, and rented it. It cost us \$1.25 each a week. We did our own cooking—a large part of our supplies by wagons. We had plenty of bread which our mothers baked, and we learned how to make much. One of our staples during the winter was buckwheat cakes. We usually had some one start the heater and then by adding to it from day to day we could keep it alive, so that we had fresh buckwheat cakes every morning. This made it cost us very little, and still we lived fairly well. I remained at Ohio Wesleyan until the first college term was over, or less than four months. One of his own sons had since graduated at Delaware and another at Princeton and a third at Yale. I venture the last two have each spent more in one year than he did in his whole college course.

Small College vs. Large College.

In talking with Senator Fairbanks I asked him if he did not regret that he had not been able to go to Yale or Harvard or some other of the more famous colleges. He replied:

"I doubt whether I should have been bettered thereby. The small college has many advantages over the large one. Its students come more closely in contact with their professors, they get to know each other and they form stronger friendships, which are of advantage in after life. There is more earnest work done in the small college, education is a more serious business there, and upon the whole I doubt whether I should have gained by going to one of the large eastern schools."

Do you think a college education pays?"

"Yes, every boy who can should go to college. The training there will develop him and make him better able to grapple with the strenuous life and the great problems of the day."

Fairbanks's Ancestry.

Senator Fairbanks had a curious expedition in Lancaster, Mass., a year or so ago. He had to make a speech there in connection with George Frisbie Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge and other descendants of old New England families. When his time came to address the audience he was surprised that the chairman did not introduce him, and he was afterward told that there were so many of his ancestors buried in the cemetery outside that he needed no introduction to that community.

Senator Fairbanks came originally from Jonathan Fairbanks, a Puritan who came to Boston about sixteen years after the advent of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. From Boston old Jonathan went to Dedham and built a home there, which

I am told, has since been acquired by the Massachusetts Historical Society. From Dedham some of his descendants went to Lancaster and others moved on to Vermont. Senator Fairbanks's father was born in Vermont and began his life-work as a hand in a wooden mill at Lowell. When he was sixteen he moved west to Ohio and worked there for 37½ cents a day.

This was when Ohio was just settling, and there was a great demand for wagons. The senator's grand uncle was a wagon maker in Massachusetts and his father, observing this demand, went back home and learned the wagon-making trade and then came to Ohio to practice it. He there made a partnership with a wagon maker in Union county and married his daughter, who thereby became Senator Fairbanks's mother. The wagon business proved good and the family soon got far enough ahead to buy land and to amass a competency.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Tacky Party.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) SOUTH BOSTON, VA., Sept. 3.—A very enjoyable "tacky party" was given last Tuesday evening at the home of Misses Nannie and Virginia Carrington, in honor of the guests, Misses Alma Cecil and Ida Beveridge of Richmond. The prizes were awarded to Miss Annie Owen and Miss Henry Watkins for being the tackiest couple present. Mr. Jim Spencer of Lexington, second only to Polk Miller, furnished the party with some refreshments, consisting of ginger cakes, stick candy, peanuts and red lemonade, were served to the "tackies" during the evening.

The comical crowd consisted of Misses Laura Stebbins, Rosa Watkins, Sally Watkins, Helen Easley, Nannie Easley, Mildred Evans, Will Easley, Louise Owen, Maggie Easley, on and on, and Misses Mary Watkins of Randolph; Susie Morton of Chase City; Gena Salamon, N. C.; Ruth Reed of Sutherland; Helen Lawthrop of Richmond, and Katharine Howard of Washington. Messrs. John Lawson, Henry, John and Venable Watkins, Jack Brooks, Charles Barkdale, M. B. Boone, and John Glenn, Davis, Henry and Owen Easley, Dr. Henry Easley, Buck Easley, Louis Watkins, Prentiss and John Johnston, John Glenn, Davis, Morton, Thomas Watkins, Dr. W. H. Moseley, Dr. D. K. Davis and Moseley Bendall.

ALBEMARLE.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) SCOTTSVILLE, VA., Sept. 3.—Pits & Durbin, of this place, have this season bought two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of sumac, and Deal Brothers two hundred thousand. The former send what they purchase to a dyeing establishment in New Jersey, paying fifty cents per hundred for it.

Mr. Herman Allyn, of Norfolk, left last week for home, after a visit to Chester.

Mr. John Harris, of Lewisburg, W. Va., is at Mr. C. B. Harris's.

Miss Anna Jarman, of Charlottesville, is the guest of Miss Mattie Jones.

Buckingham Bits.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) GRAYVILLE, ILL., Va., Sept. 3.—Rev. J. C. Foster, of Aitcheson, Fla., has just closed a meeting at Buckingham Baptist Church, with great success.

Mr. Foster and children, from Florida, are visiting Mrs. Foster's mother, near Lowford, Va. Mrs. Shaving, of Albemarle county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. West, in this village.

Misses Mahle and Lotie Pitts, of Arvon, will leave on the 5th for Staunton, where they expect to enter school this winter.

Miss Anna Hall, of this place, will attend school at Arvon this winter.

Despite the photographic rivalry it is said that more mail boxes are now sold than ever before.

The Indian Empire has 1,316,012 square miles with a population of 112,631,631.